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SPECULATION.

I.

It was past midnight, and London was in its glory. The crowd of carriages and pedestrians was swollen by the contributions of the theatres, which now gave forth their audiences in dense volumes; and talking, laughing, and sometimes singing, the denizens of the metropolis passed proudly along their illumined streets in all the security of noonday. It was impossible to observe the aspect of the night, for the lamps of the sky—never at any time so bright to that multitude as the gaslights of London—were invisible; and when a sudden shower descended, it took everybody by surprise. Almost immediately the great bulk of the pedestrians vanished, you could not tell how or where, absorbed as it might seem by the ducts at their side; and, in the same mysterious fashion, the vehicles were instantly doubled and trebled in number, and their gliding pace and rattling wheels became a rush and a roar.

In one of the more aristocratic quarters of the town, a lady and gentleman, after endeavouring in vain to find a hackney-carriage, were fain to run up the steps of a house they were passing, and take shelter in the doorway. The gentleman was a man about middle age, well dressed and well mannered; and the lady, who was much younger, had something nearly approaching fashion in her frank, self-possessed London air.

'Well, this is provoking!' said she; 'but I am rightly served for putting on my best bonnet to go to the pit.'

'Hang the bonnet!' replied the gentleman. 'Look how these carriages are rattling past us!—what lucky fellows they contain! Why should you and I be trudging home, after midnight, through the sloppy streets and the plashing rain?'

'Tush, there you are harping on that again! We might have had a cab, if we had thought of it; and we can afford one on the rare occasions when we go to the theatre. And it is not a great many years, you know, since I could say that much; but a man with a gentlemanly employment in a public office, and a snug salary of £250 a year, has no reason to be dissatisfied.'

'Every man has reason to be dissatisfied when he sees fortune before him, and yet is allowed no opportunity to grasp it. If I had not been such a fool as to allow you to over-persuade me to refuse Jones's offer of a share in his speculation, we might at this moment have been so far on the way to wealth.'

'I would not have interfered, John—I declare I would not, if I had thought you would merely have lost your £100; but I know you too well, and I suppose you are

not different from other people. If the speculation had failed, you would have tried to bolster it up with more money; you would have got into debt; you would have lost your appetite and spirits; you would have been a miserable man, perhaps for the rest of your life.'

'All that is nonsense—the speculation was perfectly safe.'

'All speculations are safe—till they fail. But what has Jones gained by it?'

'Only a cool hundred: cent. per cent.—that's all.'

'I deny it, John—I see nothing like a cool or a warm hundred about him. His apartments are not half so handsome as ours; I miss in them a hundred things that you and I reckon indispensable for comfort; and instead of being a happier man, he looks every day more anxious and careworn. You may depend upon it, both his hundreds are now in jeopardy, and perhaps something more besides—and speculations don't always succeed.'

'Hush, hush! there is a carriage stopped two doors off. I wonder who it is that is coming out. A man about my own age.'

'And neither better looking nor better dressed,' whispered the wife smiling.

'See, he turns towards us to pay the cab.'

'And gives, I dare be sworn, neither more nor less than the fare.'

'And now he mounts the steps, with his manservant waiting, bareheaded, to receive him; and now he goes in to his home of luxury and splendour, and the door shuts out the vulgar world behind him!'

'Why, John, it is not for nothing you have been to the theatre to-night! What is so interesting to you in that man?'

'Oh, nothing. He merely comes in, in the midst of my reflections, like an impersonation of my thought. I wish I were in that man's position! Here a wilder splash of rain came down; and a person they had seen emerge from a neighbouring area without his hat, sprang up the steps beside them, to keep his bare poll from the blast.'

'Pray, sir,' said the new-comer, 'was it at the second door off the carriage stopped just now?'

'It was.'

'And set down a gentleman?'

'Yes.'

'I thought so. That was my master.'

'Pray, is your master,' asked the lady, smiling archly to her husband, 'a very rich man?'

'A very rich man? Oh, no doubt; everybody thinks so.'

'But have you no evidence of it yourself? Does he

keep a great establishment? Does he give fine entertainments?'—

'Nothing of the sort: he's a very quiet gentleman, my master is.'

'Does he spend money on his dinner and wine?'

'He usually dines at his club—I suppose for about half-a-crown; and, although he has plenty of good wine in his cellars, he never takes more himself than a glass or two of sherry.'

'Then, how does he shew that he is a man of fortune? Does he game?'

'Oh, bless you, no—nothing of the kind.'

'Has he an extravagant wife?'

'No wife at all.'

'Then, how does he amuse himself?'

'He has two or three horses down in the country, and follows the hounds, on some occasions when he happens to have time. But he is much taken up with business: when at home, he does nothing but pore over papers and accounts. And that reminds me that he is at home now. Good-night, ma'am;' and taking advantage of a pause in the rain, the communicative domestic ran off to his master's house, and let himself in with the latch-key.

'Now, you see, John,' said the young wife, hardly able to smother a laugh—'now you see what the object of your envy is. Why, you enjoy life more yourself! You entertain some friends; sometimes you are by no means satisfied with a couple of glasses of sherry; you ride after the hounds more than once in the year, without the trouble of keeping horses; you never think of business without the walls of Somerset House; and, besides all that, John, you have the advantage of a little wife to laugh with you when you are merry, comfort or rally you when you are sad, and keep you in order when you are naughty.'

'That is all very well,' said the husband, walking thoughtfully along, for it was now far; 'but I wish I were in that man's worldly position!'

II.

The little wife was at home, looking wonderfully well in a low dress, although it had long seen its last party, and fidgeting about the room in expectation of her husband coming in to dinner. It was long past his hour; and as the Somerset House gentlemen usually introduce their official methodism at home, she was more surprised than the occasion would have seemed to require. By and by, she became a little nervous; and as his well-known knock at length shook the door, she thought to herself that the sound was not so authoritative as usual. No wonder; for when he came in, he was pale and haggard-looking, and sat down without tendering a word of explanation, or even seeming to know that he was later than usual. The wife made no remark; but getting a glass of wine from the cupboard, made him drink it, with one of those pretty gestures of command that never fail with right-minded husbands.

'That has done me good,' said he; 'I wanted it, and you couldn't guess why in a month.'

'Is it anything about Jones?'

'Jones? No—what puts that in your head?—it is about somebody you saw more lately than Jones.'

'I am curious to know who it is, and what it is; but wait till after dinner: you are not looking so well as usual.'

'Let me tell you now, while dinner is coming up; I shall eat all the better for getting it off my mind. You must know, I have been looking in at a coroner's inquest.'

'A coroner's inquest!—are you sure it is not about Jones?'

'Don't be silly, or I won't say another word. Am I always to have Jones flung at my head in this way?'

'I am sure I never mentioned his name before, since

the night we were at the theatre. You must have been thinking of him yourself—that's it.'

'I tell you, I looked in at a coroner's inquest; but I kept staring so much at the witness who was giving evidence when I went in, that I lost a good deal of what he said at first. I was sure I knew the man; his face, his gestures, the tone of his voice, all were familiar to me; but I could not call to mind where I had seen or known him. He described the appearance and manner of the gentleman who had died under the circumstances that were to be investigated; and, from what he said, nothing could be more unlikely than that the unfortunate man had died by his own act. What he told, however, of the way of living of the deceased called up a strange suspicion in my mind. I could not learn from those round me, who had come in late like myself, the name of the street talked of; and I waited, with an impatience I can hardly describe, throughout the whole proceedings, till it was painfully clear to everybody present that it was actually one of the most deliberate cases of suicide on record. The jury, however, came to no decision; some other evidence was wanted, and they adjourned to a future day. The moment the court broke up, I flew to look at the dead body.'

'Well, John,' cried the wife, 'you knew the unhappy man? He was one of our acquaintances? Speak!'

'He was no acquaintance of ours; we never saw him but once in our lives; and yet I am sure you cannot help being shocked when you hear that the corpse I saw lying in the dead-house, stiff and stark, was that of the man we saw alight from a carriage on our way home from the theatre, and in whose worldly position I so earnestly wished myself to be!' The young wife trembled visibly, and the colour left her cheeks.

'Well, John,' said she, 'and his worldly position—what had that to do with it?'

'Nothing, of course—nothing that anybody knows. There were surmises in the court, whispers, rumours; but that is always the case. Nothing more is known than that the gentleman left his home late at night—or rather early in the morning—with the implements of destruction in his pocket, and that he was never seen again alive.'

'But his worldly position?—the business he was constantly brooding over, according to his servant's account—surely he did not abandon that in its prosperity to rush into an accursed grave?'

'How can I tell? I know nothing about his business, but that it was great, heavy, and multifarious. That, however, is nothing to the purpose: men commit suicide from other causes than business.'

'Such was not the case here, John,' said the little wife decisively. 'I remember his look, and it had nothing in it of love, hate, jealousy, or revenge. That man had more than L.100 at stake—more than was his own to lose—more than he could lose and live! Was Jones there?' The husband muttered something terribly like an oath.

'He was there, but at a distance from me.'

'How did he look?'

'Just like everybody else—flushed with excitement.' 'Did you go together to the dead-house?'

'No; what business had he in the dead-house? He never saw the man when living, and had no curiosity about him when dead. That was not likely, for he was not fool enough to spend his money in the theatre, and trudge home through the rain and mire; and so, as soon as the court broke up, he set out full speed for home. I saw him at a distance still rushing along, and then he vanished.'

'I can understand his haste—there was somebody after him.'

'Somebody after him! What do you mean? Who after him?'

'The corpse in the dead-house!'

'I declare you will make me angry. Jones is not the fool you take him for: he is a very clever, and a very thriving man. In a few days, he is to get the use of a considerable sum of money, and it will work, I have no doubt, like his first hundred.'

'That is, it will run off to some region of hope, and another considerable sum of money with it.'

'You don't understand business, my dear,' said the husband contemptuously; 'you would have a man sit down all his life with his hands across, without making any attempt to elevate his position.'

'On the contrary, I would have a man make the most strenuous attempts to elevate his position, but not by placing himself in circumstances of constant worry and constant temptation. When you placed a number of pounds in that Hamburg lottery—which you afterwards called the Humbug lottery—I made no opposition, because I saw you were bent upon it—and, in fact, I had a hankering myself after the folly; although I knew very well it was hundreds or thousands to one against us. But what then? The money was spent, and there was an end. I had to do without a new dress for a while, that was the very worst of it; and in the meantime we enjoyed a waking dream now and then, and after it a laugh, about the fairy fortune that was coming to us. That was a mere folly, but a comparatively harmless one, because we knew the cost, and, by a trifling sacrifice, could afford it. But such speculations as Jones's!'

'I tell you Jones will ride in his carriage while we are still tramping through the mire. But enough of this. I cannot get the dead-house and its still tenant out of my head; or that last midnight ramble, alone but for the haunting shadows that pursued, surrounded, and marshalled him the way that he was going; or the white, dead face, with the fixed open eyes that were found looking up to God in the morning. Get me another glass of wine—there's a good girl.'

'No, dear,' said the little wife; 'I will get you a glass of brandy-and-water, and make it, as they say, "screeching hot;" and we will talk no more to-night about the dead man or our friend Jones.'

III.

Some little time after this, the husband and wife were passing the evening sociably together after tea—the gentleman reading aloud, and then joining the lady in a song at the piano. They were very comfortable, and it is to be hoped they knew it. The fire was bright, but not glaring; the curtains were drawn so closely as to keep out even the idea of the dark gusty night; and the little woman was in excellent voice—yet she stopped in the middle of a duet, and said to her husband suddenly:

'Why were you not at the adjourned inquest to-day?'

'Because,' he replied, 'I had heard about nothing else ever since the morning. There are terrible rumours about—of crimes that take away one's breath by their magnitude; and, in short, I was sick of the whole affair, and determined to wait for the morning paper, which will tell us all about it. But hark!—a double knock—I wonder whether it is for us.'

'It is Jones's knock—with a little additional flourish, but I could swear to the substance;' and presently the room door opened, and the servant announced 'Mr Jones.'

Jones was a smart fellow, some years younger than our friend; he had a look of business in his face, as if he knew what he was about; but on the present occasion, this seemed to be mantled over with an air of satisfaction, which surprised the lady very much. She had expected to find him pale, haggard, anxious-looking; and the horrid little woman could not help feeling disappointed.

'And so, Mr Jones,' said she, when the greetings were over, and they were all three seated round the fire, 'I am told you have become quite a prosperous man.'

'That is true,' replied he.

'And therefore, no doubt, a tranquil—happy—satisfied—easy-minded man?'

'All true.'

'Then you have, of course, heard of your last venture?'

'Yes; it is all gone, money and gains—every shilling.'

'And the large sum you were to have got the use of, put in the husband—'all that is settled?'

'Quite settled: I have refused to take it. In short, I am just a hundred pounds worse than I was eight months ago—that is, in money.'

'And in what else are you worse? I hope you have no bills out, or other obligations?'

'No: I alluded to the want of comfort at home, to the want of regular sleep, to the want of quiet thoughts; all these I have been minus for eight months. But the worst time I have had was between the inquests; for the opportunity that was before me of making an attempt to retrieve my loss, and on a scale so large as to offer the chance of enormous gain, was a temptation I could hardly stand, and it shook my mind till it tottered.'

'What had the inquest to do with it?' said the husband, looking down, for he could hardly bear the keen look of Jones's eyes, although he felt impelled to ask the question.

'Come, come,' replied his friend, almost sternly, 'have done with affectation. You know what the inquest had to do with it. The time was when that wretched man was as comfortable as yourself; and he might have remained so if he had only been satisfied with the risk of losses he could bear.'

'If all men were so satisfied,' said the husband doggedly, 'what would become of the commercial greatness of England?'

'The commercial greatness of England would be far more secure than it is, if founded on reality instead of illusion. I tell you there is not a business failure in this country, however inconsiderable, which does not so far affect our prosperity; and it does so, because nearly all business failures, however honest the immediate bankrupts may be, are traceable in their ultimate causes to that want of integrity which speculates at the expense of other people, pocketing the gains, if any, and throwing elsewhere—anywhere—the loss. Overtrading, as that want of integrity is mildly called, accompanies the greatness of England; but it is illogical to suppose that for that reason it is an essential part of it. So far from being so, it would not stand for a moment unless it assumed the character, and received the credit of honesty, thus trading on a lie in more senses than one.'

'Well, Mr Jones,' said the wife, looking very much pleased, 'now do tell us about the inquest.'

'All the rumours are confirmed, and more than confirmed; and by the man's own written confession of a guilt that makes one's brain reel. I foresee, however, that the moral guilt will be measured by the pecuniary amount, and that the pressure of circumstances, which would extenuate the crimes of an ordinary malefactor, will have no effect in lessening the public abhorrence of the *forger of a million*. For my own part, I do not see that the amount has much to do with the question, further than that the mind of the tempted is not so much startled by the idea of a small fraud as of a large one, and, therefore, not so apt to consider seriously the nature of the guilt.'

'That, I think, is very just; but tell us what was the course of the unhappy man, what were the circumstances which led him on to destruction. You must

know, my husband and I are personally interested in the question; for we saw him when alive, and had a great deal of conversation about him, and'—

'And I solemnly wished'—broke in the husband.
'Hush, John, not a word!—for I am anxious to hear Mr Jones.'

'I have little to tell. He was a provincial attorney in Ireland, in very moderate business; but being a man of talent and firmness of character, he was instrumental in establishing a bank in the county, and became a person of some consequence. He at length felt his field to be too small, and in an evil hour came to London, where his connection with the bank introduced him at once to the speculators and capitalists of the City; and this led to large business as a parliamentary agent, and to his becoming chairman of the directors of a great joint-stock bank in London. The road of ambition was now fairly opened. He got into parliament, made himself the leader in the Irish Brigade; then deserted his party, and became a Lord of the Treasury. In the meantime, he was very busy with the Encumbered Estates Bill; and having procured from the commissioners under it almost unlimited authority, he organised an association in England for purchasing, and afterwards selling to enormous advantage, properties sold in the Encumbered Estates Court. He now became chairman of the Swedish Railway, arranged a new insurance company, established a newspaper of his own in Dublin, and plunged deep into English, Italian, Spanish, and American railways. This is the rough outline: but when and where the pressure first began; when this originally obscure and moneyless man found that he could not pursue such schemes without funds; and what were the precise circumstances that originated his crimes, and led him on, step by step, to perdition, is not yet known. It is known, however, that he obtained money on the security of forged titles, as from the Encumbered Estates Court. He fabricated shares of the Swedish Railway to the amount of a quarter of a million; and besides the assignments of numerous deeds he held in trust, he forged on private individuals to the amount of at least £100,000.'

'What a gigantic criminal!' cried the young wife—'can it be that it is the same man we saw paying the coachman a shilling!'

'It appears that for some time he must have contemplated his violent release from the fever of mind in which he had lived so long. But at length the occasion came; the forgery of one of the Encumbered Estates deeds was on the eve of discovery; and the wretched man went forth from his own house in the dead of night, with the instruments of death in his pocket.' A pause here ensued, which was at length broken by the husband.

'All this is very dreadful, Jones,' said he; 'but the case is not different, except as regards magnitude, from numerous other cases of a similar kind. Why should it have greater effect than they?'

'On the same principle that a sleeper is awakened by the crash of thunder, who would not hear a knock at the street-door. This will have an effect which it is impossible to overestimate, because the sleepers it will rouse must be counted by tens and hundreds of thousands. Many a restless night will this news give rise to throughout the length and breadth of the land—many a ghastly look, many a pale and haggard face. In many an imagination, will the midnight course of the suicide be traced in his wanderings over that dark heath; and by many a bedside will stand the Appearance of the lifeless form lying in the dead-house. To-night, I myself should have been visited by these fancies, if I had not taken means to enable me to set them at defiance. I am very, very thankful'—and the speaker's voice trembled. 'I trust that

many thousands more will receive a lesson from the fate of John Sadleir! But I must now go. Good-bye—God bless you!'

Both of them followed him to the door.

'I thank you, Jones, for this visit,' said the husband—'I thank you sincerely.'

'And—I—too!' said the wife. Her voice was broken, and tears were streaming down her cheeks; and when the door shut, the little woman threw herself into her husband's arms and sobbed outright.

THE BRITISH MINES AND MINERS.

ALTHOUGH England has been celebrated from the earliest ages for her mineral wealth, and has of late years been as renowned for her coal and iron as she was in the time of the Phœnicians for her tin, yet until the present year we have not had in our possession any accurate statements of the total produce of the British mines, nor of the number of miners employed in them. As the production of the various metals in this country has only been approximatively known, and variously estimated by different inquirers from time to time, it may not be considered uninteresting to notice briefly the leading points in the volume recently published by the Government School of Mines, which contains the first authentic accounts that have ever been presented to the public.

It is almost unnecessary to state, that the chief mineral productions of this kingdom are those of coal, iron, copper, lead, and tin, besides salt, and many others of minor importance; but, treating the subject in a general way, we must confine our remarks to the first five named.

As we have already stated, the previous returns of the productions of these metals, with the exception of copper and tin, have only been estimated, and it appears, by the returns furnished to the government, very much below their actual amount. In the year 1854, the total production of coal in Great Britain exceeded 64,000,000 tons, or double the amount estimated. In order to form some idea of the extent of this produce, let us compare it with that of the principal coal-producing countries of Europe. That of France is between 4,000,000 and 5,000,000 tons; that of Belgium about the same; and that of Prussia between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000 tons; so that Great Britain produces nearly thirteen times that of France and Belgium, and sixteen times that of Prussia.

The area of the coal-districts of Great Britain is estimated at upwards of 4,000,000 acres, and those of France and Belgium at 700,000 and 450,000 acres respectively.

The quantity of pig-iron made in Great Britain in the same year was upwards of 3,000,000 tons, or eight times greater than that of France, and larger in amount than the total productions of France, Russia, Sweden, Prussia, Belgium, and Austria. The peculiar manner in which the coal and the iron ores are distributed over the surface of Great Britain, has been highly favourable to the development of coal-mining, as well as to the manufacture of iron, and has doubtless been the chief cause of the present prosperity of the British iron manufactures.

The quantities of copper, tin, and lead, raised in 1854, amounted to 13,000, 64,000, and 5000 tons and upwards respectively. The total value of the mineral produce of Great Britain, at the place of production, in the year 1854, is stated at not less than £28,500,000 sterling. Thus much, then, we gather of the production of our mines; but it will be necessary to make a few remarks in order to shew more clearly their importance.

It has tritely been said, 'that if, on the one hand, our great mechanical inventions owe so much to the abundance and consequent cheapness of our fuel, it is no less

true that some of these inventions have, on the other hand, materially assisted of late years in bringing about that abundance; for had it not been for the invention of the steam-engine, a large proportion of the coal and other mines now in existence would in great probability never have been opened, or if opened, would have been quickly abandoned, after involving an enormous outlay of capital; so that it may be said, what coal has done for the steam-engine, the steam-engine has done for coal and the other minerals.

In order, however, to appreciate the importance of the mineral resources of this country, it is necessary to take a glance at the condition of those countries in which such wealth is wanting. In Russia, for example—a region for the most part rich in natural productions—the comparative absence of coal and iron no doubt accounts in a great measure for the backwardness of its population in producing the luxuries and even necessities of life. In consequence of the dearth of iron, it is stated that nine-tenths of the cart and wagon wheels in the agricultural districts are without iron tire; and, with the exception of private carriages, all the axles are of wood; whilst the scarcity of coal necessarily forms a great drawback to the use of steam-machinery.

Perhaps the most startling fact presented to our notice in the volume above referred to, is the smallness of the number of the persons engaged in mining-operations. It would never have been guessed that the total number of persons, males and females, employed in all the British mines—which, it may be mentioned, extend over the greater part of many counties in the north and south of England and Wales, and considerable districts in Scotland—only amounted to 303,000 in 1854. The increase in the total number of persons employed in 1854, over 1841, was 57 per cent. The increase in the principal mines was as follows:—In the coal-mines, 94 per cent.; in the iron, 139 per cent.; in the copper, 37 per cent.; in the tin, 133 per cent.; and in the lead-mines, 90 per cent.

Who can reflect upon England's countless machines and railways and steam-ships, upon her iron bridges and palaces, without being struck with the vast amount of minerals employed in their construction! To attempt to number the uses of the so-called 'basal metals,' would indeed be a vain task; for, besides what is exposed to our view, some thousands of tons of iron are annually buried in our streets in the shape of gas and water pipes. The increased excellence of our manufactures has naturally led to a great demand for them abroad; and whilst their cheapness secures them to almost the poorest in the land, their exportation brings us a return of large supplies of the luxuries of life to an extent hitherto unparalleled. But in thus recording the progress of our mines, we must not omit to state that their present prosperity is due, in a very great degree, to the advancement of science, not only as regards mining itself, but as respects the arts in general. The efforts of scientific men, stimulated, no doubt, by the wants of the age, have been the means of raising our manufactures to their present high excellence; and it is to be hoped that they will long continue their exertions, in order that England may successfully maintain the position she now occupies.

Although the total increase is large, yet, when the number of miners is compared with the total population of the country, it will be seen that, so far as affording the means of employment, the mines of Great Britain stand far below many other native industries. It must not be forgotten that the use and recent improvements in the steam-engines employed in mining operations, have tended in great measure to an increase of the production of the mines on the one hand, but at the same time to a proportionate decrease in the number of hands employed on the other. There is another

feature connected with our mines which must not be overlooked, and that is the condition of the persons employed in them, and especially that of the women and children.

We have already stated that 303,000 persons were employed in the mines in the year 1854; of this number, 295,167 were males, and 8810 were females. The increase in the number of males of twenty years of age and upwards in 1854, over 1841, was 49 per cent.; of males under twenty, 79 per cent.; of females twenty years and upwards, 25 per cent.; and of females under twenty, 64 per cent. From these figures, it will be noticed that the number of females has not increased so largely as that of the males. The increase in the males under twenty years of age has no doubt arisen from the prohibition, by act of parliament, since 1843, of working females underground. Formerly, girls were employed as 'trappers;' but this occupation is now exclusively confined to boys, and no child is allowed to be engaged under ten years of age. It is to be hoped that this provision of the legislature has conducted to the welfare of the female population of the mining districts. But the social position of the miner is open to improvement in many respects—more especially in the provision of better dwelling-houses, and in the establishment of schools for the education of his children.

As a class, the miners are but poorly educated; and the early age at which their children are employed at the mines, is a serious obstacle in the way of their instruction. The number of colliery-schools in existence in the year 1851 was only forty-one, with 2013 male, and 1498 female scholars; but the chief drawback to any advancement in the education of children in the mining districts, arises from the non-existence of any desire on the part of their parents to have them instructed. From all accounts, however, of late years, some progress has been made in the establishment of evening-schools: and attention has also been directed to the construction of the miners' dwellings more in accordance with the demands of morality; and we may therefore conclude, that if very much has not yet been done, the position of the mining population of this country has certainly improved as compared with that which they occupied some few years ago.

WAX AND TALLOW.

WHAT a palace of fairyland and realm of plesance was once that exhibition in dreary, weary Baker Street to me! How gladly, in the blissful age of childhood, would I have exchanged such an ivory ticket for a Jenny Lind concert as lies here, advertised at ten shillings, and not to be got for a pound, for the leaden counter that was the 'Open Sesame' of Madame Tussaud's! Better than all measures of delightful sound—better, a good deal, than all treasures which in books are found, were then the awful silence and dumb intelligence of those waxen wonders. It was the creed of my youth, that at some especial epoch, and at the midnight hour, those inanimate heroes would leap to life, with naked sword and levelled spear; that the kings would enjoy their own again without any constitutional restriction; and that Voltaire and Calvin, Cromwell and Charles I., Lord Eldon and Paganini, would sink all animosities of the past, and take it out for their long years of suffering upon the general public.

To watch Madame St Amaranthe breathe—that 'victim to virtue,' who lies opposite the entrance—was the delight of my infant hours, and the performance appeared to me to surpass the respiratory efforts of nature herself. I distinctly remember, too, as if it were yesterday, entreating the good-natured, bald, old gentleman on the ottoman in that neighbourhood, who takes his snuff so regularly, to explain to me the group

in front of him, and how he only shook his head with a click again and again; also, when I had got to think that everybody on ottomans who did not speak must needs be waxen figures, how I stared a pretty young woman in the face for twenty minutes, and felt about her feet for the number that I could not see. I was sure it should have been 17 or thereabouts, and was much distressed when she called me a rude boy, and walked away.

The room of horrors was then a Blue Beard's chamber, and forbidden to me; like the case of the unfortunate Peri in the poem, 'the crystal bar of Eden moved not,' the turnstile was kept shut for such as I, and through it I used to peep and peer with perspiration and a beating heart. Since I was first permitted to take my fill of such unhealthy food, it has had many a fresh inhabitant, but I always clung to my first favourite—Marat; for certainly, if, as the poet says, 'to dream by night, to think on him by day' is proof of affection, the gentleman in the foot-bath was then my very particular friend. I was terribly alarmed to find that Hare had been permitted to turn king's evidence, and 'was again let loose upon the world,' as the catalogue said. What was the good of first catching your Hare if you meant to let him go again? After these, perhaps—included by a bitter satire in the same charge and category as the murderers—I was most struck by the pallid face of the dead Napoleon: on the self-same couch whereon he died, with the little crown of *immortelles* above it, he really seemed to me to lie sublime. Alas! who cares for the dead Napoleon now? I saw in this same room, the other day, his 'Tooth extracted by Dr O'Meara,' and learned that 'he suffered much;' but it did not interest me. How time does dull the gilding of our idols in some score of years! This General MacLaine, who knows him till we read here that he kept off Soult for months at odds of one to sixty? This Pius IX., who was elected pope, it is written, 'to the great joy of all the Romans,' has now lived over that enthusiasm. I hear folks, opposite the forms of Hamlet and Paul Pry, expressing wonder as to who might Mr Kemble be, or Mr Liston; and the figure in the Greek dress, with the delicate hands and curling hair, how the crowd passes him by in silence—this Byron they are all so sick and tired of; nay, Cæsar of yesterday, whose word might then have stood against the world, how low they lie to-day in the world's eyes! Of Lord John Russell, says the glowing catalogue, 'the popularity attached to his name, and the talent he possesses, are perhaps not to be exceeded!' What a host of opinions have been born since Admiral Napier was translated to this Walhalla with his 'various orders!' What total revolution in men's minds since the golden image of his 'universally lamented and most gracious majesty' George the King was here set up in these robes 'measuring seven yards long!' Can any two men in this crowded 'hall of kings' give me any information whatever about Espartero? No; they don't know, nor who 'the other fellow, Loushkin, is, either.' Lieutenant Perry, even, whom half the young women of England are said to have offered hand and heart and money in the funds to, is getting *passé*, and no longer 'interesting.' Tom Thumb, who has been long since proved to be rather large than otherwise for his age, is here still pedestaled, it is true, but only as a monument to British folly. We care for him no more than for the Earl of Derby, Hudson, Mr G. V. Brooke, or Mehemed Ali—all exploded crackers. Let us crowd to see the fraudulent bankers rather—Paul, Strahan, and Bates, and leave off this stale hero-worshipping. They are placarded in red and white over the rooms, but have not yet their place in the glowing catalogue. Alas! in that most interesting collection of biographies, I do not put the trust, too, I once did. I think it was first shaken when I read that the singular costume of Abd-el-Kader

was 'distinguished for its great simplicity.' My infant mind could not help picturing that hero testing its quiet character in the Strand or Piccadilly. I was charmed, however, to believe that Joan of Arc was never burnt alive, but, on the contrary, was 'married to Baudricourt, governor of Vaucouleurs, and lived happy ever afterwards.' All ignorant of Mr Carlyle, I accepted humbly that 'rapine (whatever that was) and ambition' had been the motives that led Cromwell on to power. I was pleased to learn that this great Howqua, 'in his identical clothes and ornaments as worn in China,' was 'distinguished for his exceedingly cheerful disposition,' and 'friendliness towards the English.' I thought, in all cases, that 'taken from life' meant murdered, and was horror-struck at the repetition of so shameless a statement. Above all things, I used to wonder whether No. 118, which is a blank, was kept vacant for my own particular image. Should I grow thin and waste away, when they put it before the fire, as I had read was the general effect in tales of witchcraft?

I am grown much too old now to wonder at anything. I have seen too many stuck-up people in real life not worth regarding, to have much care for wax ones. I know such heaps of bald old gentlemen whose heads are regularly turned, that, without catching the click, I can guess at once at the machinery. If any little impertinent boy should dare to meddle with my feet, in hopes to find a number, I should box his ears; if he said it must be somewhere about 46, he thought, I should strangle him. It was not I who broke the three fingers of Commissioner Lin's favourite consort off, the day I was there; but I don't see much harm in it. I darsay the man who did it has put wicks in them—all three—since then, and read the police-reports by waxlight: and a very useful and ingenious contrivance, too.

I was at this exhibition a month or two ago, I confess, but it was because I mistook it for the entrance of the cattle-show. I exchanged the wax for the tallow almost immediately; and having to pay two shillings instead of one, made me savage, perhaps, with both entertainments. I don't complain of the fatness of the beasts, of course, there; but I do enter my protest against the size of some of the men. There were three brothers—the commonest charity to the whole human race suggests their relationship—upon portions of whom, for it could not take them in at once, my eye fastened from the first moment, and remained until it saw them safe in a pen. It was a pen of three short-woolled, cross-bred, wether sheep, 'without restrictions as to feeding,' I read, of which these others had been evidently in quest; for the instant he saw them, one of them cried out: 'Here we are!' And there they were, most unquestionably; and they entered into that pen, and commenced pulling and pinching those obese animals, as if they had been kneading dough, with a sort of stolid joy. They were, if I recognised them rightly, in the printed list of stock, the 'Brothers Plumpwell, Wickem, Herts, age unknown, fed upon oil-cake, locust-beans, pea-meal, linseed, Indian corn, roots, and sugar.' This list, indeed, beat the catalogue up stairs, for wonderful intelligence, all to nothing. Here, for instance, is one of the strangest exposures and shameless confessions with which an illegitimate aristocracy has been ever favoured: 'The Honourable Cavendish Plantagenet, of Nomans Castle, Notts, breeder unknown, supposed about five years six months, and fed on turnips, clover, oatmeal, and mangel-wurzel!'—surely an unfit food for one so young. Again, what can be said in extenuation of writing of a respectable widow and her child in this manner? 'Mrs Henry Wobbles of Writham, Shropshire, bred by exhibitors, and fed on linseed-cake, swill, toppings, and barley-meal—had one calf.' This beats Messrs Something and Kidd, who will so style

their mutual relationship, in Oxford Street. I turned in disgust from the letterpress to the live illustrations. Ah, beautiful Devon heifer, how silken soft and delicate-limbed art thou! To herself, with cowslip breath and the large love-lit eyes, must have been like to thee! But how she can go on chewing so philosophically, while all those people are poking their fingers into the hollows of her hips, I can't imagine; she deserves her L15 prize for patience, if for nothing else.

What a magnificent west Highlander is this! 'Strong as an ox,' I think, must have arisen from one of his own progenitors. What short, curling, Samson-like hair he has; what a terrible neck, whereon never yet yoke was laid; yet, while I look upon him, this leviathan has a nervous attack, and has positively to be led into the open air for recovery, and that with harts-horn, as we might almost say, upon his forehead, and a vinaigrette, or something very like it, stuck over his nose. How clean and tame, like household pets, look these enormous sheep, rubbing themselves against their neat white hurdles, as though they were on their own Cotswold or their Marlborough Downs! And the pigs—well, they look as they had worn wool, too, at one time, but had been most unhesitatingly shaved; and the pink ones, fat as they are, seem horribly cold; and I am glad to leave the pigs, besides, for other reasons. How different to the fellow-citizens whom we are accustomed to meet in other large assemblies, are the great mass of these occupiers of the soil; what sober if not keen intelligence dwells in their healthy faces; what thews and sinews have they, and what loud hearty laughs! Some few of them are in the London mode of some twelve months ago, but most of them exercise the right of private judgment in the choice of their habiliments. This very handsome yeoman with the bow-window, wears positively upon his gray hairs a brigand's hat—a tall felt pyramid, with an enormous brim and a huge buckle in the front, to put, I suppose, an ostrich feather in. Nobody stares at him, or marvels, so far as I can hear; only a curious foreigner, who has come to see John Bull at one of his 'at homes,' follows him about with dark inquiring eyes, half-convinced, and half in doubt, whether it could actually be a Tyrolese. There is no reserve or hauteur about our agricultural brethren; they will, when not engaged in dealing, enter gladly into conversation, and are quite as likely to ask you to dine at the Plough and Harrow with them in Holborn as not: they will also stand upon your toes for minutes without the least apology, although their average weight is over fourteen stone; and when they shake you by the hand, they intend you to feel it. Here, for instance, is my good friend Burke from Wiltshire, who positively wrings my fingers till I rise on tiptoe with the pain, and that with his left hand too, as I find out presently. 'Come along with me to the machinery; come, and see the patent corn-cutter,' said he; and I went up with him to that distinguished chiropedist at once. There was close by a number of aged men with scarlet dresses on, with a name in golden letters round their caps, as though they belonged to a ship; each of these, the name said, was a 'Mary Willdread,' and they were employed at a something between Fieschi's infernal machine and a pianoforte, wherefrom what was put in hay at the top, came out like beans at the bottom. Opposite to this was a gigantic patent Separator—some new remedy for the brutal-husband cases, perhaps—but I could make nothing of it; and next, a tremendous engine on six wheels, which screamed every now and then—and small blame to it—when a door in its inside was opened to shew people how an infinite amount of Swedes were being reduced to pulp.

'It is all very well for you, Mr Burke,' I said, 'who have a model-farm, to venture among these horned things; but they don't know me, and I'd rather step down again.'

'Pooh!' said he; 'no danger—none whatever;' and then, for the first time, I noticed that he had never taken his right hand out of his pocket. 'Ah, that's nothing,' he explained in answer to my inquiry; 'only a couple of fingers sliced a little, a month or two ago, by my steam turnip-chopper.'

After that, I kept my hands in my coat-pockets also till he came down; only, I could not forbear stopping where a fourth brother of the Plumpwells—not a whit less wheezy and explosive looking—was regarding with envious eyes an improved 'Winnowing and Blowing Machine.' He evidently thought—as I had in the case of the 'victim to virtue'—that this might be advantageously adapted to his internal system; and, assuredly large as it was, he seemed to have plenty of room for the contrivance.

MEN OF THE TIME.*

THE attempt to present to the public some account of the more remarkable men who figure on the world's arena is not new; but it has never before been made on so comprehensive a scale as in the work before us. It is an attempt, however, of a nature that cannot be expected to succeed at once; the plan will require to be matured by reflection and experience; and in the new editions promised from time to time, we hope to see numerous amendments. The most obvious of these will be the omission of many names of no note at all, and the insertion in their stead of others well worthy of the distinction. Among the latter we may mention, as examples belonging to one profession, those of Sir James Clark, the queen's physician, and William Ferguson, one of the first surgical operators in England. Such omissions are the more remarkable in a work in which undue space has been allotted comparatively to the profession to which these individuals belong—a remark which may likewise be made of the class of artists. The most important amendment, however, we would propose, is the entire withdrawal of the critical opinions of the editor. Criticism in an 'article' or a 'notice' in a review is perfectly fair, for there the journalist writes a dissertation on the subject, and cites passages from his author in support of his own opinions. This appeal to the reader's judgment cannot be made in a work like this, where the anonymous editor merely gives his own verdict *ex cathedra*: a verdict which the general voice of the public will in many cases overturn in a few years, thus rendering the book so far obsolete. Analyses of important works are of course not only admissible but desirable; and these might be given in such a way as to exhibit the peculiar characteristics for which the writers are remarkable. We have only to add, that if the biographies were submitted for revision, when this might be practicable, to the persons referred to, there would be the less chance of mistake; although, of course, the editor would find it necessary to examine closely the emendations of parties so nearly interested.

In passing through this interesting work, some curious considerations will present themselves to the heedful reader. He will inquire, for instance, into the comparative contributions made respectively to the ranks of the Men of the Time by those different portions of the United Kingdom which still present

* *Men of the Time. Biographical Sketches of Eminent Living Characters. Also, Biographical Sketches of Celebrated Women of the Time.* London: Bogue. 1856.

tokens of distinct nationalities. In the part of the book devoted to the male sex, there are—not including foreigners—385 celebrities, or persons assumed to be such; and of that number 259 are English, 89 Scotch, and 37 Irish. Now, taking the population in round numbers, of England at 18,000,000, of Scotland at 3,000,000, and of Ireland at 6,500,000, this will shew a proportion for which some of our readers will hardly be prepared. The Scotch celebrities they will find to be a little more than double the number, according to population, of the English; and the Irish celebrities less than half. In the female sex, the same calculation holds good with regard to Irish women of note, who are less than half the number of English; while Scotch women of note, instead of being double the number, like the men, do not quite come up to the English quota. When the work progresses nearer towards completeness, such calculations will be highly interesting; and perhaps some person, with more time at command than ourselves, may do for the different counties what we have thus attempted for the different nationalities.

Even a very cursory perusal of this volume cannot fail to leave an impression on the observant reader highly favourable to the liberality of an age which furnishes instances so numerous, or rather so innumerable, of men rising not merely to wealth, but to greater or less distinction of other kinds, from the humblest and most unpromising circumstances. To begin with the letter A, and dash hastily and skipingly on through the alphabet—we find that Andersen, the popular Danish novelist, was the son of a cobbler, and educated at a charity-school; and that he tried for years to gain a living by various handicraft trades, being frequently on the very brink of starvation. Béranger, the celebrated French lyric poet, neglected by his vagabond father, lived with his godfather, a poor tailor, and was a *gamin* on the streets of Paris till promoted for a time to the dignity of a pot-boy. Elihu Burritt, as all know, was a blacksmith's apprentice. Carleton, the Irish novelist, who now enjoys a pension of £200 a year, is the son of a peasant, and begged his way to knowledge. Rafael Carrera, president of the republic of Guatemala, began life as a drummer-boy and a cattle-driver. Mr Cobden is the son of a small farmer, and, entering a warehouse in London when a boy, rose through its various grades of service. Sir William Cubitt was a working miller, then a joiner, and then a millwright. Dumas, the French novelist and dramatist, is the illegitimate son of a planter and a negress, and was in all but starvation in Paris, till he hit upon the way to distinction. Faraday, the eminent chemist, is the son of a poor blacksmith, and began his career as the apprentice to a bookbinder. Millard Fillmore, late president of the United States, was first a plough-boy, then tried the trade of a clothier, and was then apprenticed to a wool-carder. The present emperor of Hayti was born a slave. Herring, the animal-painter, began the profession of art with sign-boards and coach-panels. Jasmin, the Burns of the south of France, is the son of a tailor, and the grandson of a common beggar. Mr Lindsay, M.P., the great shipowner, left his home in Ayr with 3s. 6d. in his pocket, to push his fortunes as a ship-boy; he worked his passage to Liverpool by assisting in the coal-hole of a steamer; and for a part of the time after he arrived, begged during the day, and slept in the sheds and streets at night. Lough, the distinguished sculptor, began the world in the capacity of a plough-boy. Minié, the inventor of the well-known rifle, was a private soldier. Robert Owen was a shop-boy to a grocer, and then to a draper. Johannes Ronge, the leader of the German Catholic movement, tended sheep when a boy. Stanfield, the distinguished landscape-

painter, was a cabin-boy, and the shipmaster was his first patron. Thiers, the well-known historian, and ex-minister of France, is the son of a poor locksmith, and was educated gratuitously at the public school of Marseille. Thomas Wright, the Manchester prison-philanthropist, was a weekly worker in an iron-foundry for forty-seven years, till a large sum of money was raised by subscription to enable him to carry on his philanthropical labours.

There is encouragement here, we fancy, for the poor and downhearted; and likewise rebuke for those who are continually harping on the wrongs of the indigent, and the impassable barriers between high and low.

There are several interesting sketches of more or less distinguished females, and we hope to see this department fuller in another edition. We shall now give two or three instances of the enthusiasm of the sex, directed, in each case, to a widely different object. First,

THE PRINCESS CHRISTINE BELGIOJOSO.—‘The history of this lady, a native of Lombardy, affords an instance of female heroism and the strange fluctuations of fortune, such as would have merited a prominent place in the annals of a far more romantic age than the one in which we live. Endowed with high rank, large possessions, and no common share, it is said, of wit and beauty, the Princess Belgiojoso was, during the earlier portion of her life, the object of universal homage and admiration. A leader of fashion, and a distinguished patroness of literature and art, authors, artists, and musicians vied with each other in laying the productions of their genius at her feet, and borrowed from her name honour and éclat. But the scene changed, and the lady emerged from a *lionne* into a heroine. Deeply sensible of the wrongs of her country, and sympathising heartily in the efforts of her countrymen to free themselves from the yoke of their oppressors, she raised a troop of 200 horse at her own expense, and at the time when Italy was convulsed by revolution, led them herself against the Austrians. She is reported on this occasion to have displayed a skill and bravery which would have done honour to an experienced soldier. This act of patriotism, however, for a time proved fatal to the worldly fortunes of the princess, as her property was sequestered by Austria, and she herself banished from its dominions. At this juncture, she sought an asylum at a farm in Asia Minor, and, being totally destitute, was compelled to labour with her hands for the supply of each day's necessities. This occurred some six years ago. Since then, she has devoted her attention to literature, and has contributed successfully to some of the leading journals of Paris and New York. The sultan of Turkey subsequently granted some tracts of land on the Gulf of Nicomedia for the use of this remarkable woman and the Italian emigrants attached to her fortunes; and finally, by an edict of grace, the court of Austria annulled its former sentence of banishment and sequestration, leaving her free to revisit her country, and to resume the rank from which she had been deposed by her own patriotic zeal and heroism.’

The next specimen is taken from a family of gifted daughters. ‘Miss Elizabeth Blackwell affords the first instance on record, in modern times, of a woman pursuing one of the learned professions with sufficient earnestness to level the countless barriers which defend its dignities from her grasp, and at the same time to reflect back by her acquirements that honour which she derives from her calling. The renown of “the lady-physician” is not confined to America, the land in which the great project of her life was nursed and matured; it has travelled across the Atlantic, and has been discussed amongst us, with admiration often, with sneering contempt sometimes, and with stern disapproval, it may be, now and then. But even those who would desire that women should remain stationary

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whilst all around them is progressing in light and knowledge, must yield their respect to the marvellous energy displayed by this pioneer of her sex. A closer acquaintance with her sound and reasonable motives might even carry them further, and gain their sympathy for her purpose. It is not generally known that the subject of this notice is an Englishwoman by birth, having first seen the light at Bristol about the year 1820. Her father emigrated to New York whilst his family of nine children were still young; but misfortunes in business overtook him, and at his death the widow and orphans found themselves in somewhat embarrassed circumstances. Elizabeth was at this time seventeen years old, and the succeeding seven years of her life were devoted to instruction in a school which was established by herself and her two elder sisters. The fruits of their combined exertions sufficed to support and educate the other members of the family, to purchase a comfortable homestead, and to smooth away pecuniary difficulties. It was not until 1843 that Miss Blackwell, after much consideration, finally resolved to undertake the study of medicine. She was influenced in this determination, not by a personal taste for and curiosity about its mysteries, for that she entirely disclaims, but first by a desire to open a new field for the exercise of feminine talent and energy, hitherto restricted within limits wholly inadequate to their requirements; and, secondly, by a conviction, that she herself, and others after her, might minister far more tenderly and suitably than men to the necessities of their own sex during periods of illness and suffering. The first step on her self-appointed course was the acquisition of Greek and Latin; for two years she devoted her leisure hours to this object, and then felt that the time had arrived when she must put her hand to the plough, and make study the business as well as the pleasure of her life. But, although the will was not wanting, the means seemed very difficult of attainment. Fifty medical men, and at least a dozen schools, denied her the advantages she sought; but her firm conviction, "that she had a place in the world which she should find sooner or later," was destined to be realised, and her path, although not smooth, was at least practicable. In 1845, she went to North Carolina, where she read medicine under the direction, successively, of two gentlemen distinguished alike by their professional abilities and their superiority to the narrow prejudices of society. When dismissed by them, she gladly availed herself of the advantage offered by Dr Allen, of Philadelphia, of admission to his private anatomical rooms; for, although she shrank with the natural sensitiveness of a woman from these painful details of her career, she appreciated its responsibilities too well to neglect any part of the preparatory duties it involved. During the time thus occupied, Miss Blackwell continued to give lessons in music and languages, defraying in this way the whole expense of her education, amounting to £200. It happened, fortunately, that she encountered amongst the institutions of America that small element of liberality which had befriended her with individuals; and during one summer she resided at the Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, where she was much encouraged by the kindness of the principal, and profited by the number and variety of the cases brought under her observation. She was also permitted to attend the requisite lectures at Geneva College, New York; and here she graduated in 1849, receiving with her diploma the heterogeneous designation of "Miss Dr Blackwell." It is worthy of remark, that her thesis on the subject of ship-fever was deemed worthy of publication by the faculty. At this point, where most men would have rested from their labours, she started anew, and sought in England a varied field for observation. She experienced a warm reception from many distinguished fellow-workers, and was welcomed at the various

schools and hospitals with unwonted honours. This was, however, by no means the case in Edinburgh, nor to the same extent in Paris, although she resided for some time as a pupil at the excellent Hôpital Maternité, in the Rue du Port Royal, where she concentrated her attention on the diseases of women and children. It was suggested that her attendance at classes might be facilitated if she would adopt masculine attire—a proceeding to which the French were habituated by the example of more than one distinguished individual; but this suggestion was indignantly rejected by Miss Blackwell, whose varied experiences could never tarnish that feminine delicacy which has distinguished and ever will distinguish her. Before we bid adieu to this fine-spirited and adventurous woman, it may not be *mal-à-propos* to mention, that her name has received additional lustre from the poetical talents of her sister, Anna Blackwell, an authoress of considerable promise, whose works have been republished in England; and that another sister, Emily, has since studied medicine, and obtained a diploma.

We must conclude with Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, the female animal-painter, who was born at Bordeaux in the year 1822. 'As the avocations of her family necessitated a residence in Paris, the indulgence of her own particular tastes in the choice of subjects for study was somewhat difficult of attainment; and it is a matter of surprise, no less than of congratulation, that the influence of external circumstances did not lead her to swerve from that path of her profession to which a natural instinct alone pointed. It was no unaccustomed thing, we learn, for Rosa Bonheur, when scarcely past the age of childhood, to start early in the morning for the environs of Paris, with her drawing-box at her back, and to return only at nightfall after a long day of hard work and earnest study of rustic scenes and objects. At other times, the pencil would be replaced by a large piece of modelling-clay, and with no rules for her guidance beyond those suggested by her own intelligent mind, she would execute animals in relief with a fidelity which gave evidence of such plastic talent as would have conducted her to excellence in sculpture, had not her ambition sought other laurels. After a time, these rural expeditions were diversified by others less agreeable; to the *abattoirs*, or public slaughter-houses of the capital, which offered models too valuable to be neglected, in spite of feminine taste or timidity. It is said to have been in such a scene that the young artist received her first practical encouragement, in the form of a commission for a design to be carried at the head of the procession of the "Bœuf Gras." At the early age of seventeen, she entered fairly upon her career, by the exhibition of two pictures, *Chèvres et Moutons* and *Deux Lapins*, which went far towards determining her reputation. . . . Up to the present time, she assiduously frequents the horse-market, adopting the masculine garb, which is not ill suited to the decided character of her face, for the purpose of avoiding remark and enjoying greater freedom for observation. The dealers, with whom she is thus frequently brought in contact, imagine her to be a youth ambitious of a knowledge of horses—an idea which is confirmed when, as is often the case, she exchanges the rôle of spectator for that of purchaser, and, mounting the object of her admiration, conducts it in person to its destination, an ante-chamber divided only by a partition from her studio, and fitted up as a stable for the convenience of the various animals domesticated therein. She has recently established a small fold in its immediate vicinity for the accommodation of sheep and goats; and it has been suggested that in due time a choice selection of cows and oxen will probably be added to her existing stock of models. It is undoubtedly owing in a measure to this conscientious examination of the developments of animal life, that we owe such master-pieces of representation as the

Horse-fair, a picture which formed the great attraction of the French Exhibition in London during the season of 1855, and which almost monopolised for a time the attention of artists and connoisseurs.'

MILICENT.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CONCLUSION.

We do not care to go into the details of the warfare that inevitably raged between Milicent and her relations. The oppressed and oppressor cannot strike hands unless the former is worthy of his fate; and no consideration could prevent the proud vehement girl from betraying her feelings at times. For her sister's sake, she controlled such rash speeches as the one which had exasperated her uncle's aversion on the night of her arrival; but her profound scorn for his character and conduct could be read in tones and gestures which she did not try to propitiate. Mr Rivington's hatred for the girl he had injured grew morbid under these provocations; the glance of her eyes, if they happened to fall upon his face—and all the more, it seemed, because of their beauty—excited in him an uneasy emotion of aversion. The tones of her clear rich voice grated on his ear; he followed every lithe and graceful motion with a fascinated repugnance. Almost to the same extent, but from a different cause, Augusta shared her father's feelings. The beauty of her cousin, the charm of her ardent conversation, lightened by the fire of a crude but brilliant genius, when circumstances overcame her haughty reserve—every gift and grace she possessed was a heavy cross under which she groaned daily. To be eclipsed was a new thing to Augusta, whose sister had never contended against her acknowledged inferiority of attraction; but to be eclipsed by Milicent, who rarely deigned to exert herself from her habitual indifference, and shewed such contempt for her own arts of pleasing, was very hard to brook.

'How many admirers were you bent on securing this evening?' the young lady demanded bitterly on one occasion, when Milicent, being excited to talk, had engaged all ears by her grace and enthusiasm.

'None. To try to be admired is one of the humiliations to which nothing can bring me; but I don't deny that I enjoyed myself to-night. I found it pleasant to prove that I had not lost everything with my fortune.'

Mrs Rivington sneered: 'Omnipotent in charms! I like your modesty. It was a pity they have not always been so powerful!'

It was impossible not to detect some insult in the implication. To have let it pass, would have been wisdom and dignity; but it would have been impossible to Milicent. With the keen intuition of her sex, she felt the blow was aimed where it would be sacrilege to let it fall.

'What do you mean?' she demanded, scarcely conscious of the imperiousness of the tone, her whole form dilating, and cheek and eye kindling together.

'Look at the girl!' cried Mrs Rivington, excited in her turn. 'Are we her slaves, that she dares to take such a tone? You seem to defy me, madam, to tell my meaning. I allude to what all the world knows, that you were jilted by Luke Forrester!'

'Because I was no longer an heiress?' The words were spoken very softly. Milicent had covered her flushed face with her hands; the tears were falling unchecked through her fingers.

'Let them think it!' she said to herself. 'To defend his character to these would be to humiliate him.' She was dwelling on the recollection of his worth: it lowered her pride to the dust; it exalted it anew to think he had loved her. Memories of low words, scarcely heard, but never forgotten; kisses

dearer with each reiteration; golden plans frustrated; life's happiness sacrificed to the resentment of an hour—possessed and moved her beyond her control. Even his friendship rejected! 'Offer it to me again, Luke, and I will take it humbly. Come, and teach me what now I ought to do, and I will be led; come to me, and I will confess my faults; come—or, rather, never come back, lest I sob out my love at your feet.'

'If I had lost a lover, I would never cry for him,' said Augusta's voice, breaking up the love-dream.

Milicent raised her tearful face with a proud smile. 'Different principles move us, you know. I seldom shed tears; but there are some taunts a woman cannot bear.'

Augusta's was not a thoroughly bad nature; and if she hated her cousin, and tormented her as only one young woman can torment another, over and above all was the excuse of jealousy.

Mr Halford had never declared himself as a lover otherwise than by attentions sufficient to bind a man of a nice sense of honour; but Augusta had long accounted him as such. It would have been hard to say what had attracted him to her. He was a man of good fortune, much courted in society, and known as one of the most subtle and successful reviewers of the day. He held such a literary reputation very lightly: some men on less would have demanded laurels and a statue. Augusta was very pretty, very amiable, to him; she sang well; and he had a prejudice, he said, against clever women. Moreover, he wanted a wife: that he esteemed her worthy of the honour, his attentions had seemed to prove. He still paid his court to her, but it was in languid form. Even while talking to her—or worse, turning over the leaves of his favourite songs—his eyes were continually engrossed in watching Milicent. It was not absolutely a gracious scrutiny, but it seemed an absorbing one; and Augusta trembled, not only lest the unexceptionable match should escape her—she was an heiress in her turn, and might have looked higher—but lest the man she loved in her degree should disappoint the hopes he had justly excited.

Mr Halford was not a man of punctilious honour: he said to himself, no word pledged him to Augusta; the girl was the veriest butterfly, incapable of love. She was rich now, and could look higher; and, in truth, so attractive a woman as Milicent Tyrrell had never before crossed his path.

He did not see nearly as much of her as he wished. Lilly's health was very delicate; and if the weather was fine, Milicent would be out walking with her in the adjacent park; otherwise, engaged in teaching her—for she had undertaken what education was practicable—in another room. The season was advancing into summer; and both sisters willingly availed themselves of the seclusion of their bedroom—the only privacy secure to them—and here the long evenings were perpetually spent. Milicent left nothing untried to soften to Lilly the change in her lot; she tired her imagination in weaving stories for her amusement, sang in under-tones the songs which had a sting in every note, and talked, to please the tender drooping child, of Roseneath and the agonising past, till her checked passionate heart was ready to burst.

'But I am almost as happy now with you, Milly, as I was then,' the younger would say, pressing against her sister's side, and raising her heavy eyes to the anxious eyes that watched her; 'only I never want to go down stairs.'

What hours Milicent passed when Lilly was asleep, after every point of love, regret, and desire, had been touched to the quick in her childish talk!—how her love grew under the pressure of self-reproach and hopelessness, until the force of the cumulating fervour startled herself! What could she do at such times but recall every trait of noble heart and generous principle,

which had been shewn from the hour when the boy-lover had knelt at her almost childish feet, up to the day of their separation?—what could she do in her present misery but paint the future that might have been in impossible colours, and stretch out her vain hands after the unattainable?

'Does he love me still?' was the question perpetually silenced to return again.

Mr Halford, who watched her whenever he had an opportunity, wondered a little at her ceaseless restlessness. The colour for ever fluctuating on her cheek, the light for ever gleaming in the eyes, shewed a heart never at rest. He had seen her in rare moments of abstraction, with her eyes fixed as if looking beyond present things, with an eager yearning expression, and then soften into tears. It was strange how this moved him: he longed to draw near and speak gently and soothingly to her; he longed to meet that asking look, and see the satisfied glance fall on himself. He had many a time been conscious of an entirely new emotion, when he had marked the tender passion with which she caressed the timid Lilly, or heard it vibrating in the tones of her voice.

'I begin to fear I am in love,' he thought; 'and with a woman with a temper!'

Circumstances precipitated this conviction. One evening, on going to the house, he found Milicent alone in the drawing-room; she was lying on the sofa, her face buried in the cushions, and her whole frame trembling with excitement. He divined there had been strife amongst the women; he knew what would be the chief weapons employed by the one side, and he felt a powerful emotion of indignation.

'Miss Tyrrell, forgive my intrusion,' he said; 'I thought the room was empty.'

Milicent sprang up precipitately, her cheeks burning with shame. 'That you should see me thus!' she began warmly; but her listener was gazing at her with such compassion, that it melted her pride, and she burst again into tears. 'I am overcome with what has just passed,' she resumed, struggling successfully against her tears, and turning a little away: 'it shall be the last dispute we have. If I lived here much longer, God knows what I might become! I can bear no more; I ought to bear no more. You have shewn a friendly feeling towards us, Mr Halford; will you help us to get a living?' She smiled as she spoke, and tried to throw a tone of gaiety into the words, but her earnestness mastered her. 'I am resolved to leave this house,' she pursued, interrupting Mr Halford's disclaimer; 'and equally resolved not to be dependent elsewhere. It is in your power to help me; it is not in your power to dissuade me. I am not out of my senses when I talk of getting a living. An old servant left me an inalienable annuity of twenty pounds; I have good knowledge of music, and can sing well. If I can get daily pupils, we can not only live, but live beyond fear of abject poverty, to which I would not submit my sister. I have a friend, poor, but of unquestioned respectability, who will let me have a room in her house. Some people, whom I knew in my father's lifetime, and who admired my singing, will, I daresay, have no objection to my teaching their children; I shall ask nothing else from them. You have a large circle of friends, will you speak for me? But I forget; you have never heard me sing.'

She was moving towards the piano at once; she had spoken with such breathless eagerness, he had not been able to interrupt her; now he suddenly stretched forth his hand, and intercepted her intention.

'You would stoop to this!' he exclaimed; 'you would teach where you are known! you would play for my approbation! Milicent!'—He broke off abruptly, and took a turn through the room. Milicent gazed at him in surprise.

'If I am proud,' she said coldly, 'it is not the pride

that unfits me to submit to a necessity. Teaching music does not seem to me a degradation. I love music,' she added kindly. 'If I have only pupils enough to provide what my sister needs, I shall be happier than I have been since—since long.'

'It is drudgery of the worst kind; it is slavery of mind and body; it would be death to you!' interjected Mr Halford hurriedly. 'Milicent, you asked my services; mine is the place of suppliant. I scarcely knew I loved you till this moment; I feel it now in every pulse of my being: accept my love; command me as my wife!'

He had begun in doubt, without meaning to go so far; but, as she stood erect, incredulous, beautiful beyond any other woman he knew, his passion had kindled. He spoke at last fervently; he wished he had the power and eloquence of a god to constrain or win her.

'Mr Halford,' said Milicent coldly, 'you are carried away by an impulse of generosity, for which I might thank you, if I could see you in any other light than my cousin's suitor. Let us forget what we have said to one another: I shall be able to carry out my plan alone.'

She turned away as stately and inaccessible as on a former occasion; but there was no undercurrent of feeling now to flush the pale cheek or shine in the averted eyes.

Mr Halford, convinced of her sincerity, felt animated by only one desire—to conquer her indifference. She was more desirable to him than ever. With more abandon than he would have conceived possible an hour ago, he renewed protestations and entreaties; he even threw himself at her feet.

'For your own sake, sir, rise!' exclaimed Milicent indignantly; 'and do me the honour to believe what I say. I resent your pertinacity as an insult; have you forgotten your engagement? Hush! I hear voices; for pity's sake, don't subject me to this new contumely!'

It was too late; Augusta and her mother had entered the room. There could be no doubt of the position of the two: Mr Halford was flushed and disconcerted; Milicent looked indignant and distressed. Augusta turned pale as the truth flashed upon her mind, and sat down to conceal her agitation; she had enough of dignity to wish to hide from the man that had betrayed her how deeply she felt the wound. She did not think Milicent had tried to seduce his affection, but she rather hated her the more that her triumph had been so involuntary and uncared for.

Mrs Rivington judged differently: she had not a doubt that the whole affair was the result of the arts of the girl they had fostered; she had complained of her position, had secretly disparaged her cousin; it was a tissue of ingratitude and deceit! Her face flushed; words of vituperation rushed to her lips; but Mr Halford interposed.

'You have surprised me at an unhappy moment, madam,' he said, with heightened colour. 'Your niece is not happy in your home; I was beseeching her to become the mistress of mine, but in vain.'

'Sir!—Mr Halford!—such effrontery I never heard—Augusta!' interjected Mrs Rivington; but Mr Halford bowed and was gone, and a moment after Augusta ran out of the room.

Had the intention of leaving her uncle's house not been formed in Milicent's mind, that hour would have matured it. The late cause of dispute had been her refusal to accompany them to Roseneath, whither the family were about to proceed. Apart from the agonising associations and regrets the place would excite, she could not bear to go to Luke Forrester's immediate neighbourhood. She had begged to remain at home under any deprivations; had humbled herself to expostulation; but in vain. Now to the taunts and sneers her reluctance, and at length her refusal, had

excited, was added Mrs Rivington's abuse of her treachery towards Augusta: all that a coarse and vulgar mind could suggest in the first outburst of wrath, was poured forth without restraint. Millicent listened with silent scorn, till some epithet more opprobrious than the rest stung her sensibility to the quick.

'No more, madam; I can bear no more!' she cried in an agony. 'If the alternative were death, I could not pass another night under your roof.'

Millicent did not belie the confidence she had possessed to Mr Halford in her capability of earning a livelihood as teacher of music, but brought nobly all her energies of mind and body to the task. Without that gentleman's assistance, she obtained as many pupils as she wished; and as the majority paid her, contrary to custom, not according to her poverty, but her desert, she had no difficulty in discharging all her obligations, and providing for her sister the comforts and luxuries that were indispensable. Hers was not an easy task to fulfil; bred in the refinement of wealth and rank, she felt painfully the entire absence of those accessories of life which custom had made all but essential; and, above all other deprivations, was that of the pure keen air, the open downs, and wide horizons of her native county.

'O for a long, deep breath of that exhilarating air!—a moment's glance over the free, open landscape to the ocean!' was so perpetually the uppermost aspiration of her soul, that it threatened to become a complete *malheur de pays*; and then Millicent's fine sense and fortitude rose to keep the evil in check. Then the physical and mental fatigue of her calling were new things to Millicent, but not of that class which were likely to find her vanquished by them. Her health was good, and she had never been careful of fatigue; moreover, the long walks that were necessary from one house to another, were often the best relief to her restless and vehement mind. The hardest effort of all was to bear with gentleness and patience the dulness or carelessness of her pupils, which was torture to her quick intelligence and sensitive ear. Had there been some tender eye to mark and applaud her efforts over her natural temperament, and some high palpable award to crown her success, Millicent could not have striven more bravely and untiringly. Life had taught her many bitter lessons: in the days of her exultant prosperity, it had been no part of her business to seek after self-knowledge; the pride, impatience of censure, and lofty self-esteem, which had wounded the perceptions of her lover, had seemed to Millicent but the assertion of her inalienable rights. Since then, in solemn night-seasons, in lonely hours of unsuspected prayer, in the strife of the London streets, she had turned a humbled and earnest search upon her own heart, and life had a new aim and a holier motive. She was not unhappy in her present life; no one interested themselves in the inner current of her existence; but it would have been of little worth, if dependent upon notice or recognition. Sometimes, indeed, after some circumstance had proved her power over former faults, Millicent's cheek would flush, and involuntary tears fill her eyes.

'Does he love me yet? Thank God, I am worthier of his love than when he gave it!' A new sorrow was about to fall on Millicent. Lilly, long languishing, became seriously ill, and the physician who attended her gave small hopes of her life.

'I fear she would never have lived to womanhood,' he said; 'though country air, and such indulgences as the rich can only give, might have prolonged her life.'

'If Lilly dies,' thought Millicent, 'God help me then! Can I bear life without a single charm?'

To labour by day and watch by night, was the order

of her life for several weeks, her energetic and passionate heart seeming to endow her with superhuman strength.

'Do not pity me so much,' she said with a smile to the compassionate physician; 'I could neither rest nor sleep while hope is possible. Pity me when this suspense is over, when I may find out that I have done too much. I do not think Lilly will die. He that knoweth the heart will not break it.'

One evening, when Millicent returned from her lessons, she found Mr Halford sitting in Lilly's room, and amusing the sick child. A more unwelcome sight could not have presented itself: she had carefully concealed her abode from him, distrustful of his visits and addresses. She paused at the threshold of the door, uncertain what to do.

'Good heavens, Miss Tyrrell, can it be you?' cried Mr Halford, rising and approaching her precipitately. 'Millicent, is this the proof of your fitness for a hard life?' He spoke with so much emotion, that Millicent was touched.

'My life and I worked admirably together, Mr Halford,' she said smiling, and giving him her hand, 'until my sister was ill. It is anxiety and watching that make me look ill, if that is what you accuse me with. When Lilly is better,' she added, approaching the bed, and leaning tenderly over it, 'I shall be better too: we pine in sympathy.'

'She will never be better here!' said Mr Halford, with vehemence. 'This close atmosphere and wretched locality would nip the stoutest life in the bud, much more a tender blossom like this. Give her back pure air, Millicent, and the enjoyments to which she has been accustomed and is pining after. I am come to urge you to save her life. I have learned everything from your physician; it rests with you to refuse, and reproach yourself for having thrown away the certain hope of her salvation. Millicent, for her sake—for mine—I love you better than life!'

Millicent forcibly withdrew the hand he had seized; she was pale as death, and trembling with excitement.

'This before the child!' she murmured; 'O cruel!'

'She does not hear us—she is in a heavy sleep. On my soul's honour, Millicent, I tell you Dr Conyers assured me she may yet be saved. Will you kill her? Is it impossible to love me?' He tried to clasp her in his arms, but her gesture of indignation withheld him.

'You would buy a slave, not win a wife,' said Millicent huskily. 'Mr Halford, are you a man and a gentleman, and can use such arguments? My God, what shall I do?' She paced the room in an agony, heightened by her lover's impassioned expostulations.

'Never—never!' she cried at length; 'anything rather than this perjury of body and soul! I can never love you! Let this suffice you, Mr Halford; my will is fixed. Yes; any misery, even to desolation, before I lie against God and my love. Do you understand me? I will speak more plainly. You have often heard Mr Forrester's name in my uncle's family. I have loved him from a child—no other man can be my husband.'

Millicent stood erect; her fine pale face seemed inspired; then, turning from Mr Halford, she fell on her knees beside the bed. 'Lilly, my darling, you will not die; God will give you back to me!'

Mr Halford was silenced, but not finally. I have said he was not a man of sensitive honour; and Millicent's beauty and character, beyond all her opposition, stimulated his passion to the highest. The scene just related was repeated again and again, until any heart less firm, or courage less noble than Millicent's, would have yielded under the weary conflict. Mentally and physically she was exhausted; but one hope sustained her sinking strength—in spite of Dr Conyers's fears and the disadvantages of her position, Lilly was slowly, but certainly improving. When well enough to be

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moved, they would change their quarters secretly, and escape this shameful and bootless persecution.

Winter had set in once more, and Milicent had arrived one morning, weary and ill, at the house of one of her pupils. The young lady was not ready for her lesson, and the teacher sat down by the piano to wait. She was looking listlessly round the room, when her eye fell upon a letter lying on a table near her. She uttered no exclamation, but the blood rushed to her pale cheeks, and her pulses beat with a passionate force long since subdued, she had thought. The letter was to the mistress of the house, and in Luke Forrester's handwriting. She still held the letter in her hand, her eyes devouring the cover, and burning with an almost uncontrollable desire to read the enclosure, when the lady to whom it was addressed entered the room. Milicent dropped the letter; she looked pale as death; her glittering eyes seemed to throw a strange light over her passive face—every faculty was concentrated into that of hearing.

'Madam,' she said at length, with a great effort, 'excuse what must seem so strange to you. I thought I heard the voice, and recognised the footsteps of an old friend of my father's. This is his writing. Is Mr Forrester in the house?' The lady smiled, and looked behind her.

'I had been sent by my friend to beg an interview, to explain a little as he commanded; but he has no faith in his ambassador. My dear Miss Tyrrell, is this your father's friend?'

'Milicent!' There was an intense depth of passion and pity in the accent. Did he love her still? What withheld her from throwing herself into his yearning arms, now that that doubt was solved?

'My love—my wife—am I forgiven?'

What need of more, when every reader glimpses the vulgar details? Love loses its tender bloom under the common hand. That Luke had sought Milicent from the time he learned she had left her uncle's family up to the present hour, resolved once more to urge the heart he could not believe was false to him, and had found her nobler, we know—perfected, he said—requires nothing more than statement; and if I yielded to my bent, and described at length the happiness of their after-lives, which seemed the fruition of youth's golden hopes, it might excite the sneer of the incredulous, and throw the doubt of fiction over all.

EYES UPON STALKS.

WHAT is there to be said about so anomalous a family as the crustacea that would repay the trouble of perusal? That there is something to be said is, we fancy, owing to that curious tendency in the human mind to work most perseveringly at the most difficult subjects. At all events, Professor Thomas Bell, the worthy president of the Linnean Society, in his *History of the British Stalk-eyed Crustacea*, shews how much has been done by himself and others towards a satisfactory knowledge of those queer creatures which, as their name indicates, wear their eyes at the end of a stalk. To come to particulars: they may be described as articulated animals in a double sense, for each joint of the external skeleton has some articulated appendage; they live and move in the water, breathe through a branchial apparatus, and have a nervous system not unlike that of insects. Some kinds, such as crabs and cray-fish, and the like, are clad in armour of great strength and solidity, composed chiefly of carbonate of lime, which they themselves secrete for the purpose, and thus fabricate their own integuments. This armour is in some specimens so beautifully coloured, and diversified with markings so strange and complicated, that the wildest imagination would be unable to conceive them. A few fine illustrative examples are to be seen in the

zoological department of the British Museum. Talk of 'mail and plate,' whether in Sir Samuel Meyrick's collection, or in the armoury at the Tower; what is there in either to compare with that which certain crustaceans fashion for themselves in the depths of the ocean? It is only, however, on the exterior surface that these wonderful colorations appear, the shell being inside nearly a pure white. We shall presently see with what skill and readiness they repair a fracture, or fit themselves with a new suit when the old one becomes too small, and that without calling in the aid of a tailor. Some, such as shrimps and prawns, are less securely protected, their coat being of a horny or parchment-like substance, and these animals are produced in the greatest abundance. What visitor of our sea-shores has not been struck by the sight of the countless swarms of shrimps seen on calm evenings leaping and darting in the shallow water! But, whatever the species, Mr Bell tells us, their bodies are composed of a 'normal number of segments'—namely, twenty-one, of which seven belong to the head, seven to the thorax, and seven to the abdomen; and he adds, 'the typical structure of any group being given, the different habits of its component species or minor groups are provided for, not by the creation of new organs or the destruction of others, but by the modification, in form, structure, or place, of organs typically belonging to the group.' Hence it is that most of the articulations with which crustaceans are provided have a twofold use. Immediately behind the eyes come the antennæ—no true crustacean is without them; but while in some they are feelers only, in others they serve also as oars, or floats, or paddles to swim with, and in others, again, as shovels for burrowing in the sand. The cray-fish, *Gobio stellata*, burrows winding passages under the mud, often a hundred feet or more in length. Next behind the antennæ are the limbs in charge of the commissariat department; they are 'footjaws or pedipalps,' employed in seizing food, conveying it to the mouth, and in moving about from place to place, as inclination or appetite may prompt. They come into play, too, in case of hostilities, as weapons of offence or defence, and woe to the enemy that ventures within reach of them!—the least he can expect is to be killed and eaten. Behind these members are the smaller articulations that assist in locomotion, and do duty in carrying the eggs or the young. The eggs themselves form no inconsiderable burden: the spider-crab, or Corwich, as the Cornish fishermen call it, produces at one laying more than 76,000 eggs; and yet, though encumbered with the bulky load, its ambidextrous habits enable it to take pretty good care of itself, and in a very comprehensive manner.

This double duty, however, is not shared by the eyes; these are only to see with. A strange way of seeing it must be to have one's organ of vision at the end of a stalk, protruding from the head like a horn! Supposing the eye to be a lens, and the stalk a tube—a telescope in miniature—we can then perceive a reason for such an arrangement, in the advantage which crustaceans would possess of seeing friends and enemies afar off, and preparing accordingly—either by locking the gates or unlocking the cupboard. We do not remember to have read that crustaceans have telescopic-eyes, and if the idea be a new one, we make naturalists a present of it unconditionally. Generally speaking, the eyes are similar to those of insects, and no species has yet been discovered without eyes; but it is found that those formed to live where light penetrates but slightly, or not at all, have but the simplest rudiment of an eye. As regards hearing, this faculty is not given to the same extent as that of seeing, being reserved for the 'higher forms,' while the 'lower forms' have to do without it. The hearing organ is nothing more than a minute vesicle filled with water in the basal joint of the second antennæ, with which

the branch of a nerve communicates; and by this simple apparatus the animal receives the impression of sounds. The respiratory organ consists of a number of lamellar branchiæ, closely packed in distinct cavities lying on the upper surface of the thorax, to which water is admitted by one opening in the process of breathing, and expelled by another. The animal has perfect control over the mechanism of these openings, and regulates the passage of water at pleasure; in the natural state, it is seen in ceaseless movement, as the gills of fishes; and if this movement be prevented, asphyxia soon makes an end of the crustacean. A large crab affords an excellent specimen of the breathing apparatus. Wet branchiæ are the condition of existence; and any one may keep lobsters or crabs alive for a considerable time out of water by wetting the branchiæ at frequent intervals. We need hardly say, that land-crabs, and those of the crustacea which breathe in the atmosphere, have a different respiratory apparatus.

From all that precedes, it is clear that crustaceans are extraordinary animals—wonderful even, as we have seen, in the style of their decoration, and still more so when we come to consider them while making, mending, or casting off their coats-of-mail, or reproducing a limb lost in battle, or by any other casualty. Sometimes, indeed, the animal chooses to throw off a limb of its own accord, perhaps from finding it unequal to its work, or ill proportioned, or possibly in mere sport; at all events, a new one is very soon forthcoming. What would not some men give to be able to do the same! But to explain: the crustacean—say, a crab—is covered in all parts of his body or limbs that need protection by a vascular membrane called the *corium*, by means of which it secretes the carbonate of lime, and whatever other earthy matters go to make up its shell. As young animals grow quickly, the young crab after a few months finds he has, in tailors' phrase, a 'tight fit;' whereupon he gets bodily out of his old suit, grows bigger, and in a few days is equipped in a new suit complete in all particulars. This operation he repeats once a year till he has done growing; and then, having covered himself with a stout material for permanent wear, he ends his days like a philosopher, with the chance, should he live to a great age, of his back becoming studded with barnacles. That any animal should thus be able to don and doff its integuments at pleasure, is, as Mr Bell says, 'at first sight, one of the most perplexing and inexplicable of all the phenomena of voluntary action.'

Once a year is often enough for some crustaceans; but the common prawn casts its skin every twelve days during the summer, and every time with an increase in its size. Unlike some animals whom we could name, when crabs and their congeners find themselves too large for their coats, they cease to feed, and creep away into some corner or hollow where they may be undisturbed. Observers who have tracked them to their hiding-places, tell us that at such times a sensible loosening of the shell is apparent. By and by, the animals exhibit signs of great uneasiness and restlessness; they rub their limbs one against the other, and twist each of their twenty-one segments in all possible directions. They turn over on their backs—at least such as can do so—and struggle for a time in that position, and swell themselves up till at last the tough membrane which connects the carapace or upper shell with the abdomen gives way, and a yawning rent appears. Now the animals have to rest awhile, for their efforts have been laborious and exhausting; but renewing the struggle after a time, they detach the upper and lower shell; and though not without apparent pain and difficulty, they draw their legs, arms, antennæ, eyes, and, indeed, all their articulations, out from their hard unyielding covering. Some naturalists, seeing the difference between the size of the claws and the hole

through which they were drawn, assert that the shell is in two pieces, which separate to allow of the passage of the limb, and then close again with such accuracy as to make it impossible to discover the joint. Mr Gosse, however, in one of his sea-side rambles near Ilfracombe, caught a *Maia-Squinado*, a spider-crab, which was in the act of throwing off its shell, and thus afforded him an excellent opportunity for observing the process. All the larger portions having been loosened, he says, 'the first thing that struck me was the pulling of the legs out of their sheaths. The posterior ones were freed first; the anterior pairs were about half out, and the animal pulled first at one, then at another, until they were quite drawn out, as if from boots. The joints, as they came out, were a great deal larger than the cases from which they proceeded. It was evident that in this instance neither were the shells split to afford a lateral passage for the limbs, nor were the limbs reduced to tenuity by emaciation. It seemed to me that the parts, which had an almost jelly-like softness when extended, were compressed as they were drawn through the narrow orifices by the fluids being forced back, these returning through their vessels, and distending the liberated portion of the limb as it was released.' Mr Gosse saw none of the struggling commonly said to accompany the operation; on the contrary, it seemed to him 'to be a very easy and simple matter.' It may not, however, be equally easy to all crustaceans.

When once out, the animal increases so rapidly in size, that even those who have witnessed the throwing off can scarcely believe it to have been so recently the actual tenant of the rejected shell. Lying side by side, the difference is strikingly manifest. The skin is at first soft and membranous, but it gradually hardens, and in a few days the coat-of-mail is as perfect as before. The male of the great crab (*Cancer pagurus*) always pays his visits to the female immediately after exuviation, when she is weak and defenceless. The throwing off of a limb is sometimes a consequence of fright: a violent thunder-storm or firing of cannon will make lobsters 'shoot their claws' in large numbers—a fact well known to the fishermen who catch them. Sometimes the member is parted with to escape from an enemy in whose hands it is left, while the animal takes to flight; or, the lobster having seized the dreaded object in its claws, leaves them fast in deadly gripe, while itself retreating to a place of safety. For some time after the dismemberment, the flesh of the animals is very flaccid and watery. The new limb first appears as a minute speck in the middle of the scar, enclosed in a membrane, by which it is nourished, until pretty well consolidated, when it becomes dependent on the general circulation; but in many instances it remains much smaller than the corresponding limb.

Crab-catching employs numbers of aged persons round our coasts who are not capable of the more laborious duties of fishermen. The crabs are caught in 'pots' made of twigs of the golden willow, these being preferably used on account of their toughness. Imagine a common wire mouse-trap, with the entrance at top, and that will illustrate the mode of construction of a crab-pot. These are baited and sunk in the sea, and left for some hours, their situation being marked by corks floating at the end of a line. The numbers taken are prodigious. In Cornwall, a crab, measuring six inches across the shell, sells for twopenny; if eight or ten inches, threepenny; and above those dimensions, sixpenny. Contrasting these with London prices, an enormous profit appears to be made somewhere.

In the metropolis, and most inland towns of England, lobsters are more in request than crabs, and meet always with a ready sale. A weakness in favour of lobster salad for supper is an especial gastronomical

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characteristic of those who dwell in the shadow of St Paul's. In the season, which is reckoned from March to August, not fewer than 150,000 lobsters are sent to the London market from different parts of the coast of England, Scotland, and the Channel Islands; but this great number is small when compared with the supply from Norway, which amounts to 600,000. Here we have 750,000 lobsters devoured in six months in Middlesex and its dependencies; and if we assume that a similar number is consumed in all the rest of the kingdom, the total is prodigious. No wonder that a single female lays eggs by the 50,000!

August is the month when lobsters change their coats, and it is commonly supposed that they are not in good condition till the season again comes round; but with their new coats they get keen appetites, and feed so heartily, that their flesh is as firm and as well flavoured in the winter as in the summer months. Their habits, we are informed, are domestic; they never go very far away from their birthplace; hence the discovery of a lobster-colony is a certain source of profit, yielding an uninterrupted return for years. The inhabitants of the different localities are as easily distinguished one from the other as different breeds of land-animals. An experienced fisherman will pick you out a Norwegian lobster from a Guernsey, and a Cornwall from an Orkney, never mistaking one for the other.

We should as soon expect to meet with sentiment in an oyster as in a lobster, and yet Professor Bell cites a statement on the authority of that careful observer, Mr Peach, which shews that crustaceans, notwithstanding the multitudinousness of their progeny, are not deficient in a certain degree of attachment for them. 'I have heard,' he relates, 'the fishermen of Goran Haven say, that they have seen in the summer, frequently, the old lobsters with their young ones around them; some of the young have been noticed as six inches long. One man saw the old lobster with her head peeping from under a rock, the young ones playing around her. She appeared to rattle her claws on the approach of the fisherman, and herself and young took shelter under the rock. This rattling, no doubt, was to give the alarm.'

To any one sojourning for a few weeks by the seaside, there could be no more delightful occupation than observation of the habits of crustaceans. The varieties are so numerous, and their metamorphoses so remarkable, that the subject can never fail in interest. Some crabs, when young, are as unlike the full-grown animal as tadpoles are unlike frogs, or caterpillars unlike butterflies. Some are hairy, others tufted; one species has so thick and soft a coat as to be named the *velvet crab*; another, found in the Mediterranean, has not infrequently a thick mass of sponge growing on its back, and impeding its movements. The *Birgus*, one of the hermit-crabs, will leave the water, and climb to the top of cocoa-nut trees, where it devours the young fruit. Another hermit, the soldier-crab, abundant on our own shores, chooses the shell of a whelk as its habitation, wandering about over the sands until it finds one suitable. A residence must be had at any rate, and the soldier makes no scruple of killing a whelk, if he cannot find an empty shell that satisfies him. The poor, soft-bodied whelk, seized suddenly while stretching out to feed, is speedily devoured to make room for the aggressor. Once in, the soldier clings firmly in the convolutions by means of certain terminal appendages with which he is provided, and apparently without inconvenience, for he runs nimbly about with the shell on his back. If disturbed, he draws himself in snugly with a sudden snap, and closes the entrance so effectually with his legs and pincers, that all attempts to dislodge him are futile.

We may add, by way of conclusion, that the subject admits of being studied in a heraldic point of view, for examples of crustaceans in armorial bearings are

sufficiently numerous. They are introduced in a punning as well as a serious sense. A Scottish family named Crab bear a crab on their coat-armour; and other instances might be given. 'The crab, the emblem of inconstancy,' observes Mr Moule, in his *Heraldry of Fish*, 'appears on a shield of Francis I., one of the finest specimens of art in the collection at Goodrich Court; and, according to Sir Samuel Meyrick, the crab was intended as an allusion to the advancing and retrograde movements of the English army at Boulogne, under the celebrated Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, in 1523.'

SONGS OF THE ESTHONIANS AND LITHUANIANS.

SINCE the appearance of Longfellow's last poem, a good many learned as well as would-be learned remarks have appeared on the metre of *Hiawatha*. It is not generally known, however, that such rhymeless trochaic metres are common enough in Europe. Esthonia, for instance, the capital of which land is Revel, has many such; in Lithuania, too, and in Servia, this particular form of verse is a general favourite.

In the two songs here subjoined, there is, it will be seen, a great resemblance—and not in the form merely—to the verse of the American poet descriptive of the primitive life of the Red Indian. In the Lithuanian verses, that repetition of one and the same thought, but clothed in other words, through several lines, and which is a particular attribute of the Finnish poetry, will also be found.

THE MISSED ONE.

FROM THE SONGS OF THE ESTHONIANS.

Led away hence by the bridegroom
Is the maid, the dearly loved one;
And in concert all are grieving,
Earth and every moving thing.

Meadows sorrow, stubble mourneth,
Cheerless look the forest borders.
Listen how the foals are neighing!
Listen to the heifers groaning!
How the herds, with ceaseless roaring,
Wait for her, the fondly longed-for—
For the gentle beverage-giver—
For the faithful, sweet food-bringer—
For the constant, prudent watcher!
But, alas! no more she comes here,
Here to execute those duties,
Never wearied, without fault.
E'en before the sun did look up
She was waking, she was cheerful,
Hastened to the fields and stable
To accomplish every charge;
And without the sire suspecting,
And without her mother's knowing,
How she robbed herself of slumber,
She dealt out the hay, the barley,
And she filled the water-bucket:
Nought o'erlooked she, nought forgot she,
So that one thing like the other,
Humble or important did she,
With a willing, quiet hand.
Bridegroom! O thou happy blest one,
What a maiden hast thou taken,
From our village lured away!

A MAIDEN RALLYING HER EFFEMINATE BROTHER, WHO HAS BEEN SLIGHTLY WOUNDED.

FROM THE SONGS OF THE LITHUANIANS.

Sickle, sickle, wicked iron,
Spiteful, false, perfidious iron!
Wo! O wo! how couldst thou feign so?
Wo! O wo! how couldst thou bite so?

Couldst, inhuman, without pity,
Lacerate a tender skin!
Oh, how was the tender chicken,
He, the cherished of the household,
Of such precious blood deprived!
Oh, how was the sap-abounding,
Branch-protected, ruddy berry
Robbed of sap, and made so pale!
But be comforted, my puppet;
Comes the pedler in the village,
I'll disburse a mite—my savings—
I'll disburse a silver penny:
Bring thee, my afflicted darling,
Offer thee, as strengthening potion,
Mead so fragrant in an egg-shell;
Serve thee butter in a nut-shell,
And within another half-one
I will bring thee on a leaflet,
Freshly gathered from a poplar,
One whole pennyweight of brawn
Does thy dainty mouth not water
After such rare, blissful treat?*

Well, besides, in bed I'll tend him,
And will swathe the little infant,
Who so spitefully was bitten,
From whom so much blood was taken,
Soothingly on yielding pillows:
Let him not from house or chamber,
Long to bravely venture out.
Thus once more the tender chicken
Will regain his former strength;
Thus once more the ruddy berry
Will regain its former sap.

THE SEPTUAGENARIAN RUNAWAY.

THE following is a genuine letter, which we present *verbatim et literatim*. It is from an elderly man, who, on reaching his threescore and ten, despaired of success in this old country; and, on becoming possessed unexpectedly of sufficient means, eloped from his family, and went to Australia. This moral delinquency is related in the letter quite unconsciously, and does not seem to interfere at all either with the fervour of the writer's religious feelings or with his subsequent yearnings after the welfare of his wife and children. We give the document as a curiosity in more ways than one:—

REFRESHMENT TENT CAMBLES CREEK,
NEAR CASTLEMAIN VICTORIA.

DEAR LAADY—I often heard of your exertions to Bring the poor & Misorable out of Scotland Ireland & England to this Delightfull Contry But I was two old to Apply I therefore prayed to the Lord for Deliverance, I feared to be Cast on the Parochel Bord for Subsistance & My Little femely I have A wife & 6 Children in Ardrossan Ayr Shire Scotland I had Saved A few pounds Last year As Much as would take me to America To My Son But I feared the Extream Cold of their winter & I had Still the wish to be here & in June Las my Son at Sea Sent me home £10—thank the Lord Said I now I have as Much as will pay My passage to Austrealen so off I Came without telling wife or any other in the place & paid £16—16 to Duncan gibb in the James Mackhondy & when I Landed at the Newyear Men were plenty & Labour Scarce I Left on the 16th Came to Geelong thence to Balarat got no Employ But Much Sympathy & kindness thence to Dozy hill & to Creswicks Creek on to Carebrook to Simpsons Station to Bryans Station on to Mickleford where I found A Man & wife belonging to Ardrossan & they have put me into A Refreshment tent & I am Living Comfortable & Easy if I Could get My femely out to this Country where Labour is paid & Every one May do well if My femely were here we would Be Able in three years to Bye A Section of Land &

* The Lithuanians consider pork the greatest of all dainties; and relate that the emperor of Russia lives so sumptuously, that not a day passes without this meat being served at his table.

fence it & Stock it with Cows & horses Sheep Pigs & hens & grow Corn wheat potatoes onions Cabbage & Every thing to make us happy & Comfortable in A Delightfull Clamit Dear Leady Surely your zeal for the happiness of Mankind is not Abated have pity upon An old Man now in his 70th year farr from his famely & knows they are in poverty & Cannot help themselves if therefore it is in your power get them out I will pay any Sum that they might be Called upon to pay when Ever it is required as they will not be Able to pay it unless I Send to them I Sent home A Letter Last week & Enclosed A £5—Note being the first Cluster of grapes from the vally of Eascoli as An Evedene of the goodness of the Land of Adoption if it is not in your power to obtain their passage Soon Be So kind as to write me Soon And Let me know where & how to Apply to get it brought About with the Least Delay & Least Expence My youngest Doughter is About 7 years old nixt A Boy 9 years old the 3d A Doughter 11 years Nixt A Boy 13 Nixt A Boy 15 years Nixt A Doughter 17 Nixt A Son 19 past Nixt A Son 21 years & the Mother 40 years if I had all these Locked on A farm of good Land by the Loaden or Murry I would Consider we were as happy as Adam & Eve in the garden of Edden & have more of the Comforts of Life then they had which May the Lord Grant is My most Earnest prayer and Desire in this world that we might walk with god as Enock for I beleive I Shall Live Many years in this Delightfull Clamit to teach My famely to Love fear & serve the Lord who has Brought is up out of the Land of Egipt & out of the house of Bondage into A Land flowing with goald & plenty of Every Comfort if people were wise & thankful May the Lord prosper your Endavours for My famely & others who May yet Apply & May gods Blessing & Mine Rest upon you in time And Eternaty is the Sinceir prayer of your humble petitioner

JAMES STEWART.

'APPEARANCES.'

It is a commonplace to say that we substitute artificial standards for the natural standards of morality; but it is a commonplace because the mistake is common. We teach the undeveloped Sadleirs that they will be judged according to the money that they are supposed to possess, the position that they are supposed to occupy in society—by the *appearance* of success, and not the good works that they may do. Accordingly, the candidate Sadleirs lay themselves out to *seem* rich even if they are not so—to snatch a high position if they cannot work to it. This tendency is said in every 'age' to be increasing; perhaps because the assertion is true. Undoubtedly, there has been a progress during our own time in the artificial refinements and luxury of society. We no longer have monsters like the despots of imperial Rome, or of the East, who grew depraved in the endeavour to find new forms of luxurious enjoyment and ease. But the whole body of society has grown more discontented with things which are simple and humble. The 'silver fork' is no longer the standard of a 'school,' but is common in households of every grade. The literary man no longer has the privilege of finding his way whither he will in rusty black, as he could from the time of Goldsmith to Charles Lamb; but he must be a man of the world as others are, and sufficiently familiar with the costly furniture of good society not to make mistakes in public, or 'he will not be invited again'—that is, not unless he is a very rich as well as a very literary man. For in all ages there has been a remarkable leniency in scanning the sins of Dives from below. Society will not look too closely to a man's means of rising, so that he rise; if he cannot don its moral costume as well as its material costume, he shall still pass current. Society gets what it demands—it realises appearances, the things upon which it insists; and it cannot complain if appearances are often different from realities.—*Spectator*, March 1, 1856.

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